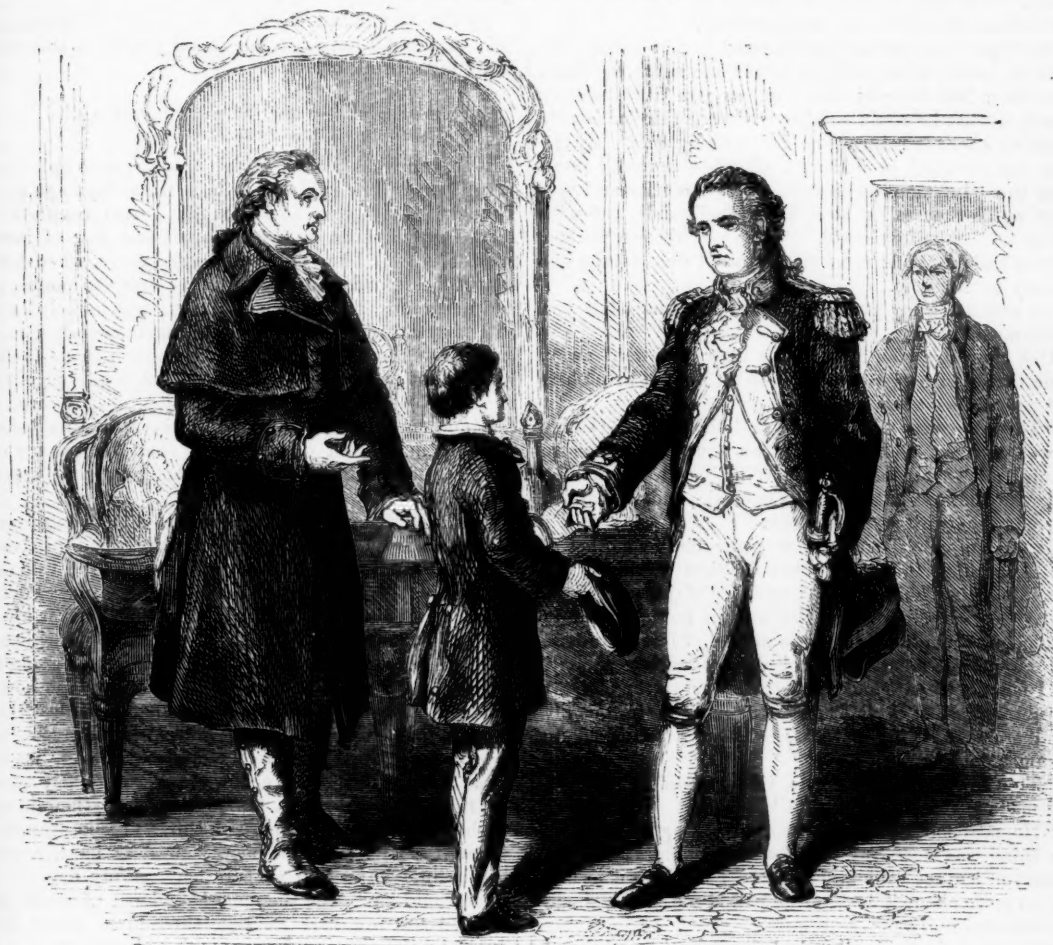


# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



MY INTRODUCTION TO CAPTAIN MAXWELL.

## THE FRANKLINS;

OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER XXIV.—FROM WILLIAM FRANKLIN, MIDSHIPMAN, TO MILES OAKLEY, THE YOUNGER, AT SAINT RADIGUNDS COLLEGE.

OUR story must now pass over some time, and will be best carried forward by here inserting a letter written by young Willy Franklin, midshipman on board his Majesty's ship "Glorious :"—

I will now try to fulfil my promise, and give you, dear Miles, a true, full, and particular account of all that has happened to me since we parted.

It seems an age ago, that same parting, though only four months have elapsed since we were beating the stubbles together. But it is not to be wondered at that the time has seemed long. Think, Miles; for thirteen years or more (which is farther back than my memory carries me) we had scarcely been separated for a day, till you were started off to Saint Radigunds, leaving me alone in my glory. I don't suppose that we fed out of the same pap-boat, because we must both have been beyond the age of pap when your dear mother, and my kindest, dearest friend and benefactress, took compassion on the poor little deserted and disgraced bantling that I was,

K

PRICE ONE PENNY.

and introduced me to your nursery. But after that time we played together, were merry or sad together (not much of the latter, though), schooled it together, rode together, fired our first shot together—pshaw! if I go on in this strain, I shall never have done; so let me call back.

I can't tell you, Miles, how dull and mopish I was long after you left. I wandered about the plantations of dear Oakley without aim or purpose, day after day, with no livelier companionship than that of old Dick Border, who is grumpier than ever, now that the rheumatism has fairly laid hold of him, and, though leaving his legs free, has twisted his digits into such awful contortions that it will be some time before he can carry a gun again. You may guess how amiable Dick was likely to make himself under such circumstances.

Perhaps I should not have missed you so much—not quite so much, Miles—if your father had not at the same time been laid up with the gout, as you have already heard, so that he could neither walk nor ride for nearly a month after his return from Saint Radigunds. By the way, the good old squire lays it all off—the gout, I mean—to the “infamous concoction of sloe-berries and verjuice which they call port at Saint Radigunds, and with which he was half poisoned,” (I give you his own words); so you had better beware, Miles; but I dare say he has already warned you.

So much for my prologue; and now I must tell you about myself.

One morning, about six weeks after you went away, came the letter-bag, as usual, while we were at breakfast; and your father unlocked it.

“This concerns you, Willy,” said the squire—(I may as well write of your father as the squire, it seems so natural): “This concerns you, Willy,” said he, when he had read the first letter that he opened; and he handed it over to me with a pleased look.

It was an official letter from some clerk or other at the Admiralty, announcing that William Franklin was appointed a midshipman on board his Majesty's frigate “The Glorious;” and that he was to hold himself in readiness to join his ship on the arrival of further orders.

I suppose I must have looked uncommonly spoony, for I felt so when I had read the letter to the end. I am not sure that I did not have occasion to put my handkerchief to my eyes. However, I managed to stammer out—

“This is very kind of you, sir: I didn't know you had made any such application.”

“No occasion to let you know anything about it till the thing was done, my boy,” said the squire; “but I knew you had set your heart upon it; so there it is, and say no more about it.” And he patted me on the shoulder encouragingly.

“What is it, Willy?” asked your mother, who was pouring out the tea; and rather wondering, I dare say, at what was passing between your father and myself.

“Nothing to signify much, Luce,” said the squire, replying for me; “only Willy let out some time ago that he had set his heart on being a sailor, and so a sailor he is to be, that's all. Show the letter, my boy.”

I should be an ungrateful brute, Miles, if I did not love, honour, and respect your father. So much reason as he must have to—to hate me, I had almost written; and to think how he has been more than a father to me all the days of my life. And your dear, honoured mother, Miles—if I should live a hundred years, I shall never forget all her kindness and tenderness. Never, surely, did any one receive good for evil in greater measure than I have done.

I am sure some such thoughts as these crossed my mind when Mrs. Oakley was reading the letter.

“I did not reckon on your leaving us so soon, Willy,” said she. “We shall miss you very much; and now that Miles is away too,” she added.

“Ay, ay,” said the squire; “we shall miss the boy sorely enough: I am sure I shall; but it will be for his good, my dear. Like all younger sons, Willy, you have got to make your way in the world; and the best thing I can do for you is to put you in the way of doing it.”

This finished me off. I don't know exactly how I got away from the breakfast table; but I managed to make my escape, and was glad enough of an excuse for riding over to H. that morning, to get rid of my superfluous weakness, as you would have said.

By the way, when I was in H., a sort of adventure befel me; but I have not time to tell you about this now; and I must break off.

CHAPTER XXV.—FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME:  
IN CONTINUATION.

I TELL you what, Miles; if you expect me to spin long yarns, you will be mistaken. It is three days ago since I began this letter, and thought I had comfortably settled myself down in my berth without fear of interruption. Well, I had only written the above, when down comes the second lieutenant with an order to tumble up and make myself of some use. There was no help for it, so I obeyed orders; and my gentleman has taken care, ever since then, that I shall have enough to do to put writing out of my—no, not out of my head, but out of my hands. I have received permission now, however, to continue my scrawl; and as it may be some time before our ship moves out of harbour, I shall keep to my resolution of sending you a good budget:—and so—to resume:—

You may suppose that time did not hang very heavily on my hands after the notice I had received. Wise folks tell us that we never know the full value of our mercies till there is a prospect of losing them. I don't know how this may be; but I know that I never loved Oakley so much as on those last weeks and days that I spent there. Don't be afraid, Miles: I am not going to be soft; and I won't plague you with telling you how I wandered all over the estate, revisited, for the last time perhaps, our favourite haunts, looked in at all the cottages to say “Good-bye” to the old women, and, like an ass as I am, Miles, hung about the vicarage day after day, till good, worthy Mrs. Murray must have thought me half-bewitched; but, no more of this, “at this present.”

I need not tell you how busy your dear mother was, all this time, in making preparations for my departure. If you could have seen the superabundance of stores she provided for my first voyage—the shirts which she bought by the dozen and the stockings by the gross, the white ducks which she ordered of the tailor, and the pumps which the shoe-maker was commissioned to make—you might have supposed that I was going to sea as an admiral at least. Three days in the week, for a whole month, did the generous-hearted lady drive over to H., and return laden with spoil, but always remembering, when she arrived at home, that she had forgotten something which was so essential that another journey must be taken.

At last, in the joy of her kind heart, and yet brimful of sorrow, when she had, as she believed, completed my outfit, she invited the squire and myself to look over the accumulated treasures, which she had spread out in our old nursery, Miles.

The squire broke out into one of his good-natured

laughs when he saw tables, chairs, and the floor itself, covered and heaped up with goods.

"Why, Luce," said he, "you are not going to set Willy up as a general shop-keeper, are you?"

"A shop-keeper!" echoed the lady; "no, I should think not, indeed."

"But, my darling, what else do you suppose the boy can be going to do with all these things? Why, he will want a whole bum-boat to himself, to take him and his traps on board; and then——"

"Nonsense, my dear; when they are nicely packed they won't take up much room."

"I would not advise you to try, however," said the squire. "Why, what have you got here Luce, my love?" continued he, with another merry laugh, clearing his way carefully to a side-table.

"Why, sir, what should it be but a ham and a few bottles of wine, and——"

"Pickles and preserves, I see; but you don't mean——"

"The fare on board ship is very hard for one that has not been used to it," pleaded your mother.

"And you want to let Willy down softly, I see," said your father; "but I am afraid it won't do, Luce."

I need not follow this argument any further, Miles, which ended in a sort of compromise, the result of which was, that when I got on board, a full half of my cargo was refused admittance, and had to be sent back to "The Oaks" unopened. But I am anticipating.

The summons came at last, before I was well prepared for it; and, in the kindness of his heart, your father, though still threatened with a return of his enemy the gout, determined to accompany me to Portsmouth, where "The Glorious" was in harbour, refitting.

The evening before we left, I paid a last visit to the vicarage. The vicar was as friendly as ever, and gave me a world of good advice; Mrs. Murray was especially gracious, and hoped I should get on and be a captain at least, "some of these days." But, but—— Well, Miles, we never had any secrets apart from each other; and you know what a fool I have made myself there any time within the last six months; so I won't conceal from you that the lady managed to give me a few broad hints, which I should have been a sodden-headed dunce not to understand. First of all, she hoped I would receive her apologies for Ellen's absence from the drawing-room. Poor girl, she had a bad head-ache, and was gone to lie down; but she had commissioned her mother to say good-bye to me, and to express her best wishes for my health and happiness, and so on. Ellen's head might have ached; but I heard the piano as I was approaching the door, and it suddenly stopped when I knocked; and you know Mrs. Murray never plays. But let this pass. It was not all, however; for the good lady went on to give me a motherly warning (having no reference to Ellen, of course) against losing my heart, which young people were apt to do before they knew what they were about; and also against trifling with the feelings of poor girls, and entangling them into engagements which could not, by any possibility, come to anything but disappointment and sorrow.

I understood it all very well; but, like a coward, I put in "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," at their proper places, till my dear adviser had nothing more to say, or till the vicar came to the rescue—I forget now which it was; and then, my visit having lasted long enough, I walked off, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," till I reached home again.

Dear Miles, I know what you will say—that I am tormenting myself without cause—that, with your father and mother to stand by me, and with Mrs. Murray's

partiality to me, and with Ellen herself, to say the least of it, not indisposed to smile kindly upon me—I have no occasion to be down-hearted. I have said all this to myself a hundred times; but—yes, there is a "but;" but I think again of the misfortunes of my earlier years, of my wretched origin, of the disgrace which, in spite of all the unexampled kindness I have received, will ever cling to me wherever I am known; and, thinking of all this, I ask myself what right I have to—to——

CHAPTER XXVI.—FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME:  
IN CONTINUATION.

I BROKE off abruptly yesterday: now I begin again.

We—that is, your father and I—posted from "The Oaks" to Portsmouth, and were three days on the road, though we travelled as fast as four horses could drag us along; but the roads were vile. I shall pass over the journey, however, in which nothing particular occurred, and put myself down at once in Portsmouth.

Of course the squire put up at one of the best hotels; and the first thing he did after we had dined, was to inquire of the waiter if he knew anything of Captain Maxwell of "The Glorious."

"Know the captain, sir? Yes, sir. In the house at this present time, sir," said the waiter with a smirk and a grin.

"That's lucky," said the squire. "Could you take a message to him now, do you think?"

The waiter thought he could; and he did. And presently the door opened again, and in stalked an officer in uniform—a tall, stout man, dark-complexioned, with bright black eyes, powdered hair, and a projecting under-jaw. Not a handsome specimen, exactly; and I began to hope that he wasn't Captain Maxwell, especially as he seemed to be not quite sober—though I might have been mistaken in this.

But Captain Maxwell he was: and he eyed me pretty keenly when the squire, after apologizing for the liberty he had taken, introduced me to his notice. He shook hands with me, however, and told me I was expected; and then it did not require much persuasion on the squire's part to induce him to draw up to the table and fill his glass.

He filled a good many glasses before he went away, and emptied them too; was very friendly with the squire, and patted me on the head so often and so hard, that I began to wish he wouldn't be so uncommonly fond of me. The squire was pleased, however, that I was taken so much notice of, and when the captain took his leave—which was not until he had taken the lion's share of three bottles of port—he congratulated me on having made such good headway.

"Don't you think the captain is rather——" I hesitated for a word, for I did not like to say intoxicated. The squire understood me.

"Rather unsteady on the legs, you were about to observe, Willy. I noticed that myself, my dear boy, as the captain went out of the room. But that's always the case with sailors when on shore: they always roll, as if the ground was not firm beneath their feet."

I rather wondered where your good father had picked up this piece of information; and I wondered more whether I should attain the habit of rolling about in the same way. But I was willing enough to be persuaded that the captain was perfectly sober; so I said nothing.

As the captain had promised that he would send Mr. Raven, the second lieutenant, for me the next day, and had requested that I should be in the way when he came, we did not leave the hotel; and about mid-day



Mr. Raven was announced—a little, sharp, springy man, with cold blue eyes, and hair the colour of boiled parsnips, with whiskers that would have matched if they hadn't been closely shaved.

"Well, to be sure!" said the little man, giving one of my trunks a kick, and pointing to the rest, "what is the youngster going to do with all this rubbish?"

"Take it on board," said the squire, rather gruffly; for (as he told me afterwards) he considered this officer to be a jackanapes, and a jack-in-office.

"Not if I know it," said Mr. Raven. And then the squire got warm, and the lieutenant got warm too, and both fell to arguing the matter with great volubility; but the sailor got the better of it, seeing that the power was on his side; and the end of it was, as I have already told you, about two-thirds of my outfit was ignominiously condemned to go back again to Oakley, packed on the post-chaise which had brought us to Portsmouth. After this the squire good-naturedly shook hands with the lieutenant, and told him that he was evidently a good fellow, who knew how to do his duty without fear or favour. "Not that I cared a bit about the monkey," said he to me afterwards; "but it would not do to make an enemy for you, Willy, at starting." And as a pledge of restored amity, he invited the officer to drink with him, which he was willing enough to do; and after this, under Mr. Raven's guidance we walked out to a certain outfitter, where I was rigged with a middy's uniform, true blue, and wonderfully fine, and shining with gilt buttons. And then, there being nothing more to be done, we returned to the hotel and ordered up dinner, of which Mr. Raven was kind enough to help us to partake. Finally—with a porter to carry my diminished luggage—we walked down to the harbour, where I parted from your father and my kind protector, and then tumbled into the boat which was to convey me to my ship.

"My ship!"

CHAPTER XXVII.—FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME:  
IN CONTINUATION.

"SHOW this youngster his berth, Mr. Russell," said Mr. Raven, to a dirty-looking youth, after I had with some difficulty, and a pair of broken shins, scrambled on to the deck of "The Glorious," and was staring on the novelties around—masts, shrouds, cordage, guns, and all the rest of the strange things that met my wondering eyes, while I could see that I was, in turn, an object of curiosity mingled with no little degree of contempt, to a knot of lads and young men on deck, among whom was the Mr. Russell to whose care I was committed.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Mr. Russell, touching his cap, which I began to notice was like my own: his jacket was like mine too, only that his cap and jacket both were, as I have said, indisputably dirty (not to say filthy), and mine were bran new. This, and the mister tacked to his name, convinced me that he and his slovenly-looking companions were midshipmen, as I myself was a midshipman: and this was the first rude shock given to my preconceived notions. I was soon to have other shocks.

"Now, then, Mr. —" said my guide, superciliously enough, when the lieutenant had walked away. "Mr. —what's your name, though?"

"Franklin," said I.

"Franklin, eh? Any relation to Ben Franklin the printer, out there?"

Presuming the "out there" to mean America, I replied "No." And Mr. Russell rejoined, "Oh!"

By this time we had reached a hatchway, down

which my guide dived, ordering me to follow, which I did, then down another ladder—then through an intricate maze, which I felt rather than saw—then into a dark hole, dimly lighted at that time by a single tallow candle, which Mr. Russell informed me was our berth.

I cannot describe this place to you, Miles, better than by asking you to imagine a big wooden box with the lid on, down the centre of which box, imagine a deal table, about two feet broad, to be fixed; and on each side of the said box a range of chests, serving the double purpose of seats and receptacles for the personal property of the sitters. In the beams above, which are barely six feet from the floor beneath, you may fancy a range of iron hooks, the use of which I could not at first divine, but which I soon discovered were intended for the slinging of hammocks.

I had scarcely time to notice what I have attempted in a few words to describe, and also that two or three pair of eyes, from previous occupants of the den, were fastened upon me, when a sharp tweak, administered to a tender and fleshy part of my arm, giving me for the moment intolerable pain, and leaving a black mark which lasted for a week, caused me to start forward with mingled astonishment and anger, and with so much impetuosity that I stumbled over an invisible pair of legs, and found myself at full length on the floor, with a bruise on my head, which had come in contact with the corner of a chest. I was soon on my legs again, however, and, turning to the quarter whence the assault had come, I dimly perceived my treacherous guide gliding out of the cabin. I lost no time in following him; but before I could reach the entrance, the fellow had vanished, and I heard behind me loud laughter, and shouts of "A chase! a chase!"

This was no promising introduction to the middies' mess, was it, Miles? Fortunately, however, I am not—at least, I flatter myself I am not—naturally pugnacious; and before I had groped my way to the deck again, my temper had so far cooled down as to give me time to reflect what a sorry figure I should cut by inaugurating my new life with a quarrel.

I found Mr. Russell on deck, looking very innocent.

"You will excuse my leaving you so abruptly," said he.

I begged him not to mention it, and asked him to favour me with an introduction to my future messmates. The fellow stared; but he complied with my request; and—"though I say it, as shouldn't say it"—I think I managed, Miles, to make them like me, and to find out, on my part, that they did not seem such bad fellows after all—not even Russell (I beg his pardon, Mr. Russell), though I was still smarting from his indignity. But I had not forgotten it, nor my revenge either.

It was about five o'clock when I first boarded "The Glorious;" and at eight I found myself once more in the big box, with a dozen messmates, closely wedged along, and on either side of the narrow table. It was supper time; and we were eating and drinking. But, oh Miles, such eating and such drinking! I won't attempt to describe it; but I can honestly say, comparing my dinner a few hours before with that supper, that I was not—to use the squire's words—let down softly. Very far from it.

There were two candles burning on the table at this time, and by their guttering light it was just possible to penetrate the gloom from one extremity of the box to the other; and among the faces glaring around me I distinguished that of my friend Mr. Russell, who was seated next to me. Of what followed I can give you no particular account; but you may guess when I tell

you that, any time within the next week, I should have been ashamed to show my face at "The Oaks;" and that for three days Mr. Russell reported himself on the sick list. We are capital friends now, however.

Hurra! our sailing orders have arrived, though our destination, of course, is not known. No more time for scribbling now; for they tell me that to the day and hour of our departure our ship will be a very Babel of confusion. When I can write again, I will. Meanwhile I am, dear Miles, ever yours.

### SLAVES IN LONDON.

AN evening or two ago, while spending a few hours with an old friend who has been an observer of men and manners for more than three-score years, the conversation turned upon the popular disposition and tendency which leads the masses to occupy themselves with certain subjects at certain periods, to the comparative exclusion of all others. This tendency is so marked that the history of the last half-century, and more, might be divided into sections each characterized by an access of popular enthusiasm, not always in the wisest spirit, directed towards some definite object. Thus, there was the revolutionary period, at the close of the last and beginning of the present century; there was the reactionary period, beginning with the murders and atrocities of the French demagogues, and verging into the patriotic period which was contemporary with the early successes of the first Napoleon. Then came the anti-slavery period, which culminated in the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies, and is not likely to come to an end so long as the accursed institution survives anywhere throughout the globe. Besides these, we have had our Reform periods, our No Popery periods, our Educational periods, as well as many others of minor note and proportionately less duration.

"Talking of the anti-slavery period," said my friend, "I will tell you a rather interesting affair, apropos to that subject, in which I was myself the principal actor, though unfortunately an unsuccessful one. It is now some forty-five years ago—in fact, it was not long after the publication of that famous decree which pronounced every son of Adam a free man who once set his foot on British ground. I happened to learn, upon very good authority, that on board the "Old Virginia," a trading bark then lying in the docks, there were two negro slaves, the property of a South Carolina planter, who had sent them to serve as seamen on board his vessel. I made the resolution, that if it were possible for me to bring it about, these two slaves should be freed; but I was poor, and not in a condition either to protect them or to give them employment. I therefore needed assistance, and the guarantee of some person or society who should undertake the care of the negroes after they should be liberated. I knew of no man so likely to be interested in the matter as the celebrated Thomas Clarkson, who was then residing in London. I had not much difficulty in obtaining his address, and I called upon him without loss of time. He listened attentively to my story, and manifested the utmost sympathy in the earnest endeavour I was making, at the same time urging me to persevere in my attempts to rescue the two men. But he was too much afflicted to move in the business himself—was in great bodily pain, and was unable to rise without assistance from the chair in which he sat. He, however, wrote a note to his friend Zachary Macaulay, the father of the late Thomas Babington Macaulay, and, putting it into my

hand, assured me that from that gentleman I should receive all the assistance and the guarantees that I asked for.

In this, however, the great philanthropist proved to be mistaken. I waited on Mr. Macaulay the same hour, but found it impossible, with all the eloquence I was master of, to persuade him that my report was true. "Negro slaves in London! absurd! preposterous!" said he; "I don't believe a word of it. The negro-drivers are not mad, to send their slaves here, where they would be free on arrival—your own sense might tell you that."

"Sir," said I, "I am acting on information which I know to be reliable. Consider me a fool if you please; but have the kindness to allow me the benefit of Mr. Clarkson's recommendation, since he has thought fit to give it me."

"I tell you I can't believe such a thing. You will find you are misinformed."

"Then you will not stir in the business?"

"There must be some mistake." And under this impression I left him.

This was not very encouraging; but I was piqued at the philanthropist's treatment of me, while my sympathy for the slaves remained as strong as ever, and I resolved to proceed with my attempt. That night I mentioned the matter to a business friend, who advised me to apply to Hoare, the banker, who, he had no doubt, would give me at least a patient hearing. Early on the following morning I went to Hoare's private residence, and laid the matter before him. To him there seemed nothing absurd in my story. He at once took upon himself the charge of the men, should they be discovered and liberated, and he gave me a note to Mr. Stevens, the secretary of the Anti-slavery Society, who, he said, would be the best assistant I could have.

I found that the worthy banker spoke truly. Mr. Stevens, when he heard my story, was just as eager for the liberation of the negroes as I was myself. As soon as he had despatched the business he was engaged in, he sent for a hackney-coach, and off we drove at once to the docks. The "Old Virginia" lay alongside the wharf, and in a couple of minutes we were on board of her. We had no trouble in finding the men we sought; for at work with a paint-pot in the shrouds was a young negro lad, and the first person we met with on deck was the negro cook, busy in preparing vegetables for the pot.

"Are you a slave, or a free man?" I asked the cook.

"Me slave, massa; me Aaron Wilder's slave, de owner ob dis ere vessel."

"Would you not like to be free? You can be free now if you choose."

"How can nigger be free, when nobody buy him off?"

"If you will come with us you shall be free—as free as we are, and nobody shall touch you."

"And when nigger free dat way, can nigger go bring his wife and childer away from plantation in Virginny?"

"Have you a wife and children?"

"Iss, massa; wife and four lilly chaps."

"No, if you are free you must stay here; if you go back you will be sure to be a slave again."

"Ah, massa!"—the poor fellow sighed deeply and looked wildly around. He did not speak for some time, but, dropping the knife from his hands, clasped them together over his face, while his body swayed backward and forward. Was there a contest going on in his mind between the love of liberty and the love of kindred? or, was his demeanour the expression only of sorrow that neither himself nor those he loved could ever be free?

Without saying anything more he resumed his work, and shortly walked away to another part of the vessel.

By this time the lad, who may have overheard our conversation, had come down from the shrouds, and stood looking over the ship's side.

"You are a slave too," said my companion, "we understand."

"Yes," said the lad, who spoke good English, "I belong to Aaron Wilder."

As he spoke, a tall wiry American slung himself down from the rigging on a rope, and stood between the negro lad and his questioner.

"What is your business with this boy?" he asked jeeringly, "and who sent for you here?"

"Our business is to offer him his freedom if he likes to have it," was the reply.

"But he don't want it, you see. He knows when he's well off. He don't look starved, does he, like your poor British beggars?"

The presence of this man, and the oaths with which he flavoured his speech, seemed to terrify the lad so as to deprive him of the power of answering us. He stood trembling and dumbfounded, without producing a sound though his lips moved.

"Come," roared the fellow, "speak up, and send these chaps about their business. You're well-treated, aren't you?"

"Yes, master."

"And you'd like to go back to the old folks again, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, master."

"Then you don't want to go ashore with these people, I suppose?"

"No, master."

"There, gentlemen, you've got your answer, I reckon," drawled the insolent brute, "and the sooner you clear off the better we shall like it." With that he sent the boy below, and with a mock kind of ceremony motioned us to the gangway. It would have been vain to carry the attempt, at that time, any further, and we were fain to leave the ship in order that we might confer as to the adoption of any further means. No further opportunity, however, offered itself. That same night the negro lad was transferred to another Virginian ship dropping down the river on her return voyage, and, it is morally certain, never set foot on British soil again. The cook remained; his owners had too sure a hold upon him, by the possession of his wife and children; and though I saw him afterwards—for he was allowed to come on shore—I felt that I had no right to tempt him, even with the delights of liberty, to desert for ever his helpless family.

#### MOLES.

A MOLE *above* ground, and a mole *under* ground are two quite different creatures: in the one case awkward, timid, slow; in the other a model of perfect form, hard-working, courageous, active to a marvel. How wonderfully has an all-wise Creator adapted it to its subterranean life!

I never but once was witness to its open-air performances. This was on an evening in August, the air fresh-cooled by a violent thunder-shower, and Master Mole probably "drowned out" of his cellar by the same cause. Truly he seemed almost as much out of his element as a fish would have been in the same predicament. He tottered along like decrepit old age, and would, I am firmly persuaded, have perpetrated an involuntary suicide in a ditch half full of water. had he

not been 'gently, but firmly and perseveringly, turned aside from his fell purpose, by the interposition of my walking-stick. His sense of hearing, or perhaps of smell, seemed to be very acute, as was shown on this wise. I had now retired to some distance from him, at the same time calling away my little dog, whose curiosity about that animated piece of black velvet was as strongly excited as my own. As soon as we halted, he began to advance slowly towards the point where we stood still as mice, till he came within twenty yards of us, and then abruptly turned aside. Wishful to see whether this arose from a consciousness of our unwelcome presence, I also made a flank movement on tiptoe, and again faced him at about the same distance as before. In a moment he turned off at right angles from his path. Again and again did I repeat this movement, and always with the same result, until at last the poor mole became, to all appearance, downright sulky at being so thoroughly baffled in his attempts to beat an unmolested retreat, and stood stock still in the centre of the magic circle which my feet had described around him; and there I left him. Now, I do not believe that his limited powers of vision can have distinguished our presence at such a distance in *broad daylight*. Which, then, was the discerning sense, hearing or smell?

I am disposed to think it a very uncommon occurrence for the wary mole to be caught in such a ludicrous predicament, so far from any place of refuge, and can only account for it in this instance on the supposition of his wonted resorts being under water. On afterwards interrogating a sage old mole-catcher on this point, he informed me that he "middling often caught 'em above ground, but always in the grey of the morning, or the dusk of the evening, and near to their runs; generally in pairs, too," he added, "fighting savagely. He s'posed they had either crossed one another in love, or in their runs, or may be one was a-poaching on the other's preserves." This last reason he hinted with a cunning laugh and much apparent gusto, for the mole-catcher himself had fought more than once on a similar occasion, or common report sadly belied him.

In the foregoing remarks upon the habits of the mole, I have incidentally touched upon a theme wonderful alike in its vastness and in its minuteness; so wide is it that it embraces every creature in which is the breath of life, yet so minute that the smallest animated atom is an object of special interest, when viewed in the light it sheds on our world—I mean the Creator's perfect adaptation of his animate creatures to the varied circumstances of their several existences. Much has already been written, and especially of late years, in illustration and development of this theme; yet what remains to be done may be more readily conceived than accomplished, for the whole work amounts to nothing less than a transcription of God's handwriting upon every page of the great volume of Nature. What a noble employment for the mind, and the pen of the highest created beings, to aid in such a work! Yet there have been found rational beings, philosophers, too, in their own conceit, ready enough to decry the pursuits of the naturalist as frivolous and useless, and to maintain that the mere gold-hunter's is a high and manly vocation compared with his. Philosophers these, forsooth, such as irrational nature, with her myriad tongues, cries shame upon! Philosophers, whose wisdom one single sentence from a true philosopher shall scatter as chaff to the four winds of heaven: "Whatever it has been worth God's while to create, it must be worth man's while to study."

Upon a seeming exception to the universal application of this beautiful law of adaptation I wish in



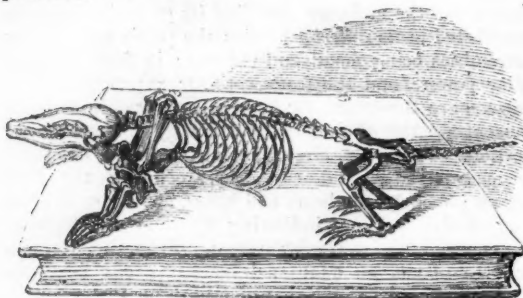
passing to offer a remark. I allude to certain animals generally classed as amphibia, which seem scarcely to deserve the name. Let any one watch, for instance, the painfully ludicrous, not to say disgusting, twistings and writhings of the seal, as it flop, flop, flops along on the margin of its pond in the Gardens of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park, and he will hardly thereafter venture, I think, to call it truly amphibious, or to suppose that its Maker, "the Author of all beauty and order," can have formed it to be an inhabitant of any other element than the great and wide sea. The awkward motions of many web-footed birds in walking is not a case in point. They are truly amphibious, for observe that their two elements are water and air, not water and earth. Earth is but to them, as it were, a step from the one to the other, a third and supplementary resting-place. It is to their adaptations for life afloat, and life on the wing, that we must look, and then how perfectly amphibious do we find them to be; what wonderful examples of the benign skill and ingenuity, if we may venture with all reverence so to speak, of the Divine Work-master!

But to return to the mole; while most mammalia enjoy the light of day, and the freedom of earth's varied surface, revelling in air and sunshine, this little miner passes his days and partakes of all the enjoyments of existence in darkness and confinement. His happiness and his home are limited to the subterraneous galleries, which he excavates with admirable skill and industry. For his appointed lot the providence of his Maker has expressly framed him, and we can hardly bring forward a more beautiful example of *means*, exhibited in the minutiae of animal structure, proclaiming the *end* to be obtained, than is presented by this little creature. The mole is *essentially* a miner: the fore feet, which are broad and muscular, are constructed like hands, with an oblique direction, so as to make the inner edge the lowest part, thereby forming more complete paddles for throwing the soil behind it; the fingers, scarcely divided, are five in number, and armed with strong flat nails; the arm is short, its muscles and those of the shoulders being very powerful; the hinder limbs are small: the body is round, cylindrical, and compact; the snout prolonged and pointed; the fur soft, close, and velvety. The sense of hearing is very delicate, although there is no external conch to the ears, and the auditory opening concealed by the fur is small: a valve, capable of being raised or lowered like an eyelid, the mechanism of which is evident if the fur be shaved away, closes this aperture at the will of the animal, so as to exclude any particles of earth or sand. The eye is exceedingly small, and buried in the fur for protection, but may be uncovered at pleasure, so as to be brought into use when needed during its occasional visits to the light of "our world." The power of vision is, however, of the most limited degree; for though the optic nerve be present, as Cuvier believes, still, as no faculty is bestowed uselessly, that of vision would not be given in high perfection to a creature which never needs it: in fact, in the mole this organ is in its lowest stage of development. It is by its keen sense of smell that the mole is chiefly directed in its search for food: feeding under ground and in darkness, upon this faculty depends its daily existence; it is therefore developed to a remarkable degree of perfection.

The skeleton of this animal, of which for obvious reasons we have chosen to give an accurate drawing rather than of the animal itself, is very peculiar, and justifies our observation, as it regards the adaptation of form and structure, as well as of the senses, to the allotted mode of life.

The skeleton of every animal, we hardly need observe, being the basis of its organization, is also the index of its habits; and in no instance is this accordance more displayed than in the present. If, then, we look at the skeleton of the mole, we shall find its great development manifested in its *anterior portion*, the pelvis and inferior extremities being small and reduced; in fact, the muscular powers, and the framework for supporting those powers, are thrown as far forward as possible, so as to concentrate the whole force and energy in the anterior portion. The chest, strongly environed with bone and muscle, is large and capacious, inclosing the vital organs; namely, the heart and lungs, which are of great comparative volume, indicating by their development the *energy* of the muscular system. From the sternum, or breast-bone, an additional bone proceeds forwards, having a deep keel, like that of a bird, for the extensive attachment of the enormous pectoral muscles. The clavicles are thick and short, and the humerus angular, and as broad as it is long, while the scapula on each side is long and narrow. Now, by this construction of the sternum, the shoulders are consequently thrown far forward, and for a most important object, namely, in order that the volume of those muscles may be increased, the constant and powerful action of which the animal's instincts and mode of life require. The space between the humerus and the ribs, then, is filled up by the immense pectoral muscles; and in consequence of the distance between the short humerus, into the lower part of which they are inserted, and the ribs and sternum, whence they take their origin, not only is their volume greater, but their action different from what is seen in other mammalia. The course of their fibres is such as to lead them, not to bring the arms closer to or across the chest, but to draw them downwards and somewhat outwards, the action employed in digging. Mass of muscle gives strength; length, velocity of motion. Now, the muscles for raising the arm at each stroke do not so much require strength as celerity, that no time be lost between each stroke; and for this very purpose are the clavicles elongated, that the muscles for raising the arm may have this requisite figure. The bones of the forearm are very strong, and the olecranon of the ulna is large and transverse, for the insertion of immense extensive muscles which act in conjunction with the pectoral. The hands are large, broad, and thick, the bones being knit firmly and solidly together; the claws are enormous: these are the organs by which it throws up the earth. But the head is also an organ for digging or boring; it is flattened and elongated, and the cartilages of the nose are ossified, so as to form an additional bone; thus constituted as a borer, to make it still more effective, the ligament of the neck, (*ligamentum nuchæ*), which passes down the spinous processes of the vertebrae, and is in other animals elastic, is here bone also, that the power of raising up the head and pushing with the snout may be increased, and the strain upon the neck better borne. Through whatever aperture the anterior parts pass, the hinder must necessarily follow. The pelvis is very small, and, excepting from situation, does not merit the name, as the organs usually contained in it here pass anterior to its pubic portion. The bones of the hind limbs are small and slender, and the feet, though furnished with claws, are feeble in comparison with the spadelike hands. The hinder parts, therefore, offer no impediment to the creature's progress along its narrow galleries, but yet have the requisite degree of strength, so as on the other hand not to be themselves in the way. In short, were we called upon to prove the design and attentive care of God, carried through his

works, we would go into the fields, and point out the habits and manners of this little animal, and the fitness and express adaptation of the means with which it is provided.



## ALFRED TENNYSON.

## PART II.

EVEN a modest amount of commentary, not on the different poems, but on different classes of poems in Mr. Tennyson's works, would require, not two papers, but two series of papers; and the reason of this is, that Mr. Tennyson in his different poems appears to delight in "fresh woods and pastures new," as if to show the remarkable versatility of his powers. This is the reason why all Tennyson's critics are invariably found to indulge in many entire extracts, which in other cases would be insupportable. One such class of subjects in which the laureate especially delights is the cycle of legends relating to King Arthur:—

"What resounds,  
In fable or romance, of Arthur's son,  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights."

MILTON.

The "Idylls of the King" is confined to this subject, to which, in "Morte d'Arthur," he had previously made a noble contribution. Our readers will remember that the last edition of the "Idylls" is inscribed to the memory of the Prince Consort, who "held them dear, perchance as finding there unconsciously some image of himself." From the last of the poems in this volume we extract the following sacred poem introduced in the course of it:—

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill;  
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.  
Late, late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

"No light had we: for that we do repent;  
And, learning this, the bridegroom will relent.  
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

"No light; so late! and dark and chill the night!  
O let us in, that we may find the light!  
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?  
O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!  
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

We have stated that a great deal of very old literature belonging to the Arthurean cycle of romance is in existence. A set of these, entitled the "Mabinogion," has been translated from ancient Welsh manuscripts by Lady Charlotte Guest, with notes. It is very interesting to compare the ancient prose versions with the laureate's poetical rendering of the same. We will take the incident of the death of Earl Doorn in the Idyll of Enid.

## THE MABINOGION.

"Truly," said the Earl, "it is of no more avail for me to be gentle with thee than ungentle;" and he gave her a box on the ear. Thereupon she raised a loud and

piercing shriek, and her lamentations were much greater than they had been before, for she considered in her mind that had Geraint been alive he durst not have struck her thus; but, behold, at the sound of her cry Geraint revived from his swoon, and he sat up on the bier, and, finding his sword in the hollow of his shield, he rushed to the place where the Earl was, and struck him a fiercely-wounding, severely-venomous, and sternly-smiting blow upon the crown of his head, so that he clave him in twain until his sword was stayed by the table. Then all left the board and fled away; and this was not so much through fear of the living as through the dread they felt at seeing the dead man rise up to slay them.

## IDYLLS OF THE KING.

"Then strode the brute Earl up and down his hall,  
And took his russet beard between his teeth;  
Last, coming up quite close, and in his mood  
Crying, 'I count it of no more avail,  
Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with you;  
Take my salute!'—unknightly, with flat hands,  
However lightly, smote her on the cheek.

"Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,  
And since she thought, 'He had not dared to do it,  
Except he surely knew my lord was dead'—  
Sent forth a sudden shout and bitter cry,  
As of a wild thing taken in a trap,  
Which sees the trapper coming through the wood.

"This heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword,  
(It lay beside him, in the hollow shield,  
Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it  
Shore through the swarthy neck, and, like a ball,  
The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.  
So died Earl Doorn by him he counted dead.  
And all the men and women in the hall  
Rose when they saw the dead man rise, and fled,  
Yelling as from a spectre; and the two  
Were left alone together."

The reconciliation of Enid with her husband Prince Geraint is most beautiful.

"And never yet, since high in Paradise,  
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,  
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind  
Than lived through her, who in that perilous hour,  
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,  
And felt him her's again: she did not weep,  
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist,  
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green,  
Before the useful trouble of the rain."

We have reserved for the last an account of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which was first published anonymously, and is in every point of view separate from his other works. From the opening portions we first extract the language of prayer, humility, and hope which it contains:—

"Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,  
What seem'd my worth since I began;  
For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

"Forgive my grief for one removed,  
Thy creature whom I found so fair;  
I trust he lives in thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved.

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
Confessions of a wasted youth;  
Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise."

An inscription of monumental simplicity follows. "In Memoriam. A. H. H. Obit MDCCCXXXIII."

This A. H. H. was Arthur Henry Hallam, the eldest son of the great historian Henry Hallam, whose works possess a European reputation, and whose loss, only comparatively recent, we have had to deplore. His "Remains in Prose and Verse" were privately printed the year after his death, and his illustrious father has also written a short memoir of him. Had Arthur Hallam's life been spared, he gave noble promise of a renown as





CLEVEDON CHURCH, SOMERSETSHIRE.

splendid as had been achieved by his father. Mr. Hallam, in his simple and affecting memoir, tells us that his son was born in Bedford Place, London, in 1811. From the earliest stage of childhood, he was remarkable for an increasing thoughtfulness, and for fondness for a class of books which ordinarily are but little intelligible to those of his age. At nine years of age he was familiar with the French language, and could read Latin with tolerable facility. In fact, he exhibited a more precocious display of talent than his father remembers ever to have met with in any other individual. His parents were wisely alive to the uncertainties that attend all premature efforts of the mind, and carefully guarded any boastful display of blossom which might have faded away in barren luxuriance. He went to Eton to school, and also resided a great deal abroad. As a boy he loved poetry passionately, and knew Shakspeare thoroughly. At first, Byron was his great favourite, but he afterwards entirely transferred this preference to Wordsworth and Shelley. In conjunction with this poetical taste, he possessed a remarkable power of argumentative discussion. When he left Eton, he accompanied his parents to the Continent, and spent eight months in Italy. Here he became remarkable for his proficiency in the Italian language and literature, and with scanty technical knowledge, he took silent but intense delight in the best pictures. In due season he took up his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, without entering into the competition for academical distinction, he possessed a very high reputation among his contemporaries. At Cambridge he was associated with our laureate in closest friendship, and it was intended that they should bring out a volume of poems in conjunction; but as Mr. Hallam, the father, did not quite approve of the plan, Arthur Hallam, of course, yielded to his wish, and Tennyson's poems came out alone. Mr. Hallam then speaks of the society of Cambridge in the time of his son and his son's friend. It "was formed of young men, eminent for natural ability, and for delight in what he sought above all things—the knowledge of truth and the perception of beauty. They who loved and regarded him living, and who now revere his sacred memory, as of one to whom, in the fondness of regret, they admit of no rival, know best what he was in the daily commerce of life." He was entered on the books of the Inner Temple, and looked forward to his profession with great interest, reading law with the great advantage of his father's assistance in his studies. He began to take a part in literature, and wrote several lives, remarkable for very

great ability, in a work published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

In the meantime, though the fact was unknown to his friends, his health was in a state of the most alarming delicacy, from organic disorder in the head and heart. For years he was on the brink of sudden death; and, in the ordinary course of nature, his life must have been very brief. It is consolatory to know that Arthur Hallam had become, before his brief term of life was passed, an earnest and sincere Christian, so far as we can judge. When he was travelling he was seized with a slight fever, and, when he seemed to be recovering, there was a rush of blood to his head, which in a moment, and without pain, put an end to his existence. This came to pass at Vienna. Not long afterwards, a younger son of the historian's, of nearly equally brilliant talents, also met an early death. Arthur Hallam lies in the chancel of Clevedon Church. Clevedon lies by the British Channel, near the entrance of the Severn, in Somersetshire. It was the seat of his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, and on this account was chosen as his last resting-place, and also on account of its lone, sequestered situation, within the sounding of the waves, and overhung by a solitary hill. It is doubtless to this scenery that the poet alludes in his exquisite but melancholy melody, apparently written shortly after his friend's death:—

"Break, break, break  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

"Oh well for the sailor lad,  
As he shouts with his sister at play;  
Oh well for the sailor boy,  
As he sings in his boat on the bay.

"And the stately ships go on,  
To their haven under the hill;  
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

"Break, break, break  
On the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is fled  
Will never come back to me."

The Memoir, privately printed, to which we have alluded and been indebted, has at length this year been published by Mr. Murray. Mr. Hallam thus alludes to the poem of "In Memoriam" and its author:—"Arthur Henry Hallam had the happiness to possess the friendship of one, then as young as himself, whose name has risen to the highest place among our living poets. What this distinguished person felt for one so early torn from

him, has been displayed in those beautiful poems, entitled, 'In Memoriam,' which both here and in America have been read with admiration and delight. The image of Arthur hovers like a dim shadow over these."

The "Remains," now published, consist of a volume of prose and verse, and abundantly indicate evidence of the very highest order of excellence. Had his life been spared, it must be doubtful whether that splendid genius which he unquestionably possessed would have earned a fame like that of his father or that of his friend. The last of the prose Remains is an extract from a review which he wrote of Tennyson's Poems in 1831. The first portion of it—on the aspect of modern poetry—shows great depth and clearness of thought, and complete mastery of expression: in the latter part, he boldly claims for his friend the very highest place among original poets, such as the world has now tardily conceded. The latest criticisms on Mr. Tennyson contain nothing better than the careful analysis which we find here. The body of Arthur Hallam, brought from Vienna to Clevedon, was buried on the 3rd of January, 1834. In the same place were interred the remains of his sister and his mother. In 1850, the remains of his brother, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, were laid by his side in the same spot. A brief Memoir of Henry Hallam accompanies that of his elder brother. The bereaved father says that his "striking resemblance to Arthur had long been his consolation and his pride." The memory of the elder brother will always and inseparably be bound up with the fame of Alfred Tennyson.

To the memory, then, of his dead friend the poem of "In Memoriam" is entirely consecrated. Two other poems on the same sweet and awful subject, have gained as much of immortality as it is in the power of the English language to bestow,—the "Lycidas" of Milton and the "Adonais" of Shelley. In popular estimation it will always hold a higher place than the "Adonais" of Shelley; but for unity of treatment, for severe and simple beauty, and for winged words that evermore cling to the memory and heart, the laureate must yield the place to the elder son of song. The spirit of poetry has often been aroused in melodious numbers, and in pure, earnest, lofty thoughts, on those occasions when death has noiselessly removed some one dearest to the heart, unsealing all the deeper founts of feeling, arousing all better aspirations of the soul—prayer, humility, and faith. Of such poetry, exhibited in what may be called the occasional poem, no specimen is more familiar than those words of Cowper on the "Receipt of his Mother's Picture"—

"Oh that those lips had language!"

Who is there who does not remember that simple line, which in one musical phrase embodies an inexhaustible pathos, a pathos that is not approached in the elaborate monodies of the laureate? And this want of simplicity practically renders the "In Memoriam" a sealed book to the mass and multitude of men who, equally with critics and scholars, have to bemoan the bereavements of death. It is a poem whose plaintive melodies and melodious symphonies may suit "the luxury of sorrow," but which we would not place in the hands of a mourner whose sorrow is sharp and sudden, and gives him no leisure for the appreciation of musical language and far-drawn thought. There is not here an unwavering enunciation of those glorious truths contained in the revelation made by God to man, which, in the case of disease and death, can alone afford the ultimate grounds of hope and consolation. How different is this from the plan of Milton's poem, the great poet who never made poetry so great as when embodying in his strain the teachings of Divine truth. In lamenting the death of that dearest ear-

friend who was lost to him by being drowned, while employing legend and mythology he is wholly free from the suspicion of insincerity or rhetoric; his wail of grief is utterly free from the imputation of being enervating and hopeless; in clear harplike music he sets forth scriptural truths in some of the grandest poetry that has adorned any literature. Thus:—

"Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.  
So Lycidas sank low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him who walks the waves,  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdom meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the saints above,  
In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes."

We do not for a moment believe that, though there are morbid lines in "In Memoriam," there is one that is rhetorical and insincere; if a cursory knowledge of the volume should engender such a suspicion, its deeper study would not fail to remove it. Neither is there anything that argues disbelief, or want of reliance on the blessed hope of everlasting life; rather, although the religious teaching of the volume is often vague and indistinct, so much is always assumed to be present to the mind of the reader. But he does not, as would a Christian poet, speak of certain truths of Christianity in words that would meet the needs of common men grieving under the common lot—of the inseparable connection between death and sin, of our reconciliation with God through the Redeemer, of our hope of eternal life purchased by and bound up in him. Of the most deep, most human feeling shown in this volume there can be no doubt; it is indeed most intense, a tenderness most profound; but this is manifested in a mode which is often, at first sight, hardly intelligible, which is in some measure open to censure, and in a larger measure is exposed to misconstruction. For "In Memoriam" mainly appeals to an esoteric circle, to those who possess a rare degree of thoughtfulness and culture, who alone are fully capable of entering into it. There is often an argument, which is, in fact, quite metaphysical, a phrase allusive and not explanatory, an analogy remote and somewhat arbitrary; all which, though repellent to one class of readers, is most attractive to another class; as well as the more obvious beauties of really exquisite melody, a perfect mastery over the English tongue, such as might almost have been thought unattainable, and a capacity for giving expression to vague and meditative musings, which we scarcely thought that expression could ever have reclaimed from imagination. He has erected to his friend a monument more durable than the marble and the brass, and has lavished upon it all the resources of an all but unrivalled genius; but for true teaching and comfort we must turn aside to lyrics of simpler faith and more glowing hope. The difference between the two may be thus illustrated. In the Frari Church at Venice, we lately saw the grand monumental sculptures of Canova, where the prodigalities of genius and wealth have surrounded a medallion with trophied emblems of fancy and art, learning and greatness, but which cannot so touch and purify the mind as some grave of simple green beneath the tender shadow of a rustic church, whose headstone bears some such inscription as this: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,

and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

We shall group together such passages in the poem as are more immediately personal to its author and his subject. Twice does he give this verse, though with an alteration, which is a true, though saddest, consolation in all similar sorrow:—

"I hold it true, whate'er befall,  
I hold it when I sorrow most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

In the part lxxiii he again repeats the verse, where the first line now reads thus: "This truth came borne with bier and pall." Thus he alludes to the unhappy tidings of his death:—

"My blood an even tenor kept,  
Till on my ear this message falls,  
Within Vienna's fatal walls  
God's finger touched him and he slept."

Thus it is that he characterizes his friend's life:—

"A life that all the Muses deck'd  
With gifts of grace that might express  
All-comprehensive tenderness,  
All-sustaining intellect."

Circumstances of peculiar pathos heighten the deep personal sorrow of the poet. Allied in friendship, Arthur Hallam was moreover about to be allied to him in relationship.

"For now the day was drawing on,  
When thou shouldst link thy life with one  
Of mine own house, and boys of thine

"Had babbled 'uncle' on my knee;  
But that remorseless iron hour  
Made cypress of her orange flower,  
Despair of hope and earth of thee.

"I seem to meet their least desire,  
To clap their cheeks, to call them mine;  
I see their unborn faces shine  
Beside the never-lighted fire."

The body of his friend was brought home by sea for interment, by way of Venice or Trieste. The portion of the poem that relates to this is exquisitely beautiful; but we can only find room for a few verses:—

"Fair ship, that from the Italian shore  
Sailed the placid ocean-plain  
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings and waft him o'er.

"Sphere all your lights, around, above;  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;  
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
My friend, the brother of my love;

"My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run;  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me."

Thus he speaks of the place of interment in quiet Clevedon:—

"The Danube to the Severn gave  
The darken'd heart that beat no more;  
They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave.

"There twice a day the Severn fills;  
The salt sea-water passes by,  
And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
And makes a silence in the hills."

Evermore he is haunted by the recollection of those funeral bells:—

"Yet in these ears till hearing dies,  
One set slow bell will seem to toll  
The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever looked with human eyes.

"I hear it now, and o'er and o'er  
Eternal greetings to the dead;  
And 'Ave, ave, ave,' said,  
'Adieu, adieu!' for evermore."

In many scattered passages he is constantly showing how the image of his lost friend connects itself with all memories and all associations. When at night the

moonlight falls through the casement window on his bed, he thinks of the lonely churchyard by the far-off sea, and imagines how in the chancel the characters on the monumental tablet struggle into light beneath the white moonbeam.

"When on my bed the moonlight falls,  
I know that in thy place of rest,  
By the broad waters of the west;  
There comes a glory on the walls.

"Thy marble bright in dark appears,  
As slowly steals a silver flame  
Along the letters of thy name,  
And o'er the number of thy years."

Presently comes the recollection of that disastrous journey:—

"You leave us: you will see the Rhine,  
And those fair hills I sailed below  
When I was there with him; and go  
By summer belts of wheat and vine,  
To where he breathed his latest breath,  
That city.

Thus, too, he speaks of the London mansion where his friend used to live with his family. This was 67, Wimpole Street, states Canon Stanley, and young Hallam used mirthfully to tell his friends that they would always find him at sixes and sevens:—

"Dark house, by which once more I stand  
Here in the long unlovely street,  
Doors, where my heart was used to beat  
So quickly, waiting for a hand."

And thus again of the country scene where his friend would visit him and his:—

"Witch-elms that counterchange the floor  
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright:  
And thou with all thy breadth and height  
Of foliage, towering sycamore;

"How often, hither wandering down,  
My Arthur found your shadows fair,  
And shook to all the liberal air  
The dust, and din, and steam of town.

"He brought an eye for all he saw;  
He mixt in all our simple sports;  
They pleased him fresh from brawling courts,  
And dusky purlieus of the law.

"O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
About him, heart and ear were fed  
To hear him, as he lay and read  
The Tuscan poets on the lawn:

"Or in the all-golden afternoon,  
A guest, or happy sister, sung,  
Or here she brought the harp and flang  
A ballad to the brightening moon."

At this point our quotations must have an end. With a view to confer some kind of unity upon them, we have confined ourselves to such extracts as definitely relate to the author and the subject of the poem. The enthusiastic admirer of Tennyson may object that we have thus missed various passages that might have done better justice to the sublimity and subtlety of the remarkable genius which their favourite unquestionably possesses. For this there would be some foundation, but we are sure that our extracts, such as they are, may serve in a measure to demonstrate his merits. We should prefer dwelling on the beauty and originality of these noble poems, but we must proceed to the less gracious, the less frequent, but the more necessary duty of pointing out one or two cardinal defects which, for most Christian men, will mar the beauty and completeness of the work. We do not dwell upon an obvious criticism which Mr. Tennyson has himself thus put and thus admitted:—

"Peace, come away: the song of woe  
Is after all an earthly song:  
Peace, come away; we do him wrong  
To sing so wildly."

Let this much, therefore, pass. But does not such a verse as this read strangely in these Christian days?—



"So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry."

Might we not remind Mr. Tennyson that the "darkness is past, and that the true light now shineth?" It is a doctrine that Socrates might have taught to his disciples, or that Seneca might have stated with epigrammatic point in one of his letters, or Aurelius Antoninus have noted down in sober earnest among his private memoranda. But it is language which hardly befits the believer in the revelation of Jesus Christ. There is a sense in which such words might be appropriately used; we are blind and erring children, who dare not arraign the plans, or profess to comprehend the deep mysteries of God. But such a limitation is hardly hinted at, and the general sense of the passage is inaccurate—we had almost said unchristian—especially when read in connection with the vague and strange context: with such a line, for instance, as this:

"Behold, we know not anything."

Is this really true? Or is it not true, on the other hand, that we do indeed know much? Has not God revealed much that belongs to us and to our children? He has not left us crying in the night of ignorance, and crying in vain for light. Man knows his condition, his duty, and his destiny. His path is illumined for him, and that brightness may broaden on for him to perfect day. If he will, he may take the water of life freely. The clouds that involve the mysteries of his existence have in part been rolled away, and it is promised that once he shall see as he is seen, shall know as he is known. Man knows that naturally he is alienated in heart from God; that in the blood of Jesus Christ his sins are washed away; that he may now feel full affiance in his reconciled Father's love; that in answer to faithful prayer the Holy Spirit will be given him from on high to direct him; that the grave has now lost its sting, and death has been robbed of its victory; that an eternity of happiness awaits the true Christian, through Him who loved him, and gave himself for him. Is this darkness? Such language may aptly describe ancient sages and philosophers, who side by side with monstrous assertions and beliefs, startle us with thoughts and aspirations that soar heavenward, shooting out fiery arrows into the darkness, which is rendered the more intense for the transitory brilliancy. But such language does not fitly describe the state of Christian men on whom the effluence of Divine light and knowledge is poured out, and who thankfully ought to acknowledge the inestimable benefit. Let it be ours to walk in the light, and to seek to become more and more the children of light. We regret to say that it would not be difficult to point out various other passages in which the lyrics of Mr. Tennyson do not easily square with this faith and hope, or rather, in which this faith and hope are darkened and distorted by human subtlety. Towards the conclusion of the poem, we meet with verses which read almost as avowing pantheistic sentiments; but in the absence of other evidence from his poems which would bear out such an idea, we willingly think that they belong to one of those wayward and recondite moods in which Mr. Tennyson has once or twice written, when it is not easy to reduce the gorgeousness of the language and the melody of the rhythm to an exact and determinate meaning. The defect of the work might be summed up in saying that Mr. Tennyson is concerned, in "In Memoriam," with a subject which belongs to religion rather than poetry, but where the supreme place is assigned to poetry, to the detriment of religion. The praise of the critics has been heaped upon this poem, even to the ex-

tent of extravagant hyperbole; yet thousands who have never heard of it, will derive from the bright faith-hymns of humbler poets a charm, a consolation, which the greatest work of our renowned laureate will be unable to confer. There are no lines in "In Memoriam" which, for holy effect exercised upon thousands, can compare with many a simple Christian lyric, that bespeaks high comfort concerning the loved and lost, and reminds those who survive and mourn, of the hope that through the grave and gate of death we may attain to a joyful resurrection.

## ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

### CHAPTER IX.—ON THE TEXAS MUSTANG OR WILD HORSE.

TRAVELLERS see many grand and beautiful scenes; but there are few which bring with them, I should fancy, such a feeling of awe, as for a stranger to find himself alone, and for the first time, upon one of our western prairies. Far as he can see all around, north, south, east, or west, the horizon is a green line of grass. The silence can be felt. Were an Englishman suddenly set down in the midst of one of these vast plains, though mounted on a good horse, and armed with a trusty rifle, he would feel pretty much like a man who had drifted out on to the broad Atlantic in a boat. It would be pardonable for such a man, unaccustomed to prairie life, to ride day after day in a circle, as I have read somewhere that once some traveller did for several days. This would not speak much for his reflective powers; still, it is possible: for not all are gifted with that presence of mind which permits them coolly to weigh all actions in such a sudden emergency; they lose their heads, and then are capable of any folly.

Suppose a person to be thus situated—lost, in fact, or, in western phrase, "got turned round"—a little cool reflection would soon set him right, or, at any rate, would give him "a course," and enable him to reach the boundary of the prairie. He knows, as does every child, that the sun rises in the east; and all that would be necessary for him to do, if wishing to journey west, would be to ride steadily upon his shadow, keeping his horse's head advancing on its shadowy ears, which will be, if early in the morning, far advanced on the prairie, and in a due west line. This, as time goes on, will gradually contract, and when the shadow is directly underneath his horse, he will know that it is noon. An hour's grazing would then do his horse no harm, and perhaps the rider himself would be glad of a short rest. An old hand would have a fire and something cooking in a few seconds; but that would be too much to expect from the tyro whose case we are supposing. As this is a rather unbelieving age, some one might here ask, What would the prairie fire be made with, where there are no trees or sticks for miles? A hunter who knows his business would soon collect, even if he had not had the forethought to pick some up as he rode along, enough *bois de vache* to cook his simple meal. In an hour's time his shadow would again be lengthening, and this time he would have to leave it directly behind him. In this way he could not fail to keep a due west course. The reverse of this would of course carry him east; and, should he have selected to travel either north or south, he would—unless a perfect incapable, and then he would have no business on a Texas prairie—be quite certain of his course being in one direction, by observing that his shadow was abreast of him on his right all the morning and on his left in the afternoon. Many people carry (generally novices) a pocket compass with them; but in a country where the sun shines as it does in

Texas, and where the nights are clear and starlight, I have never felt the need of one. I would at any time rather trust to the little knowledge of woodcraft I have picked up in my wanderings—to be guided by the moss, or by the direction the large boughs of the trees point in a forest, and on the prairie, to my shadow by day, or a star at night, than be bothered by having constantly to consult a compass. If Texas were as foggy a country as one with which I am acquainted, the case would probably be different.

It was upon one of these vast plains that I first saw a herd of wild horses. I had ridden out upon an old mule to try and stalk a deer amongst some prairie mounds, about three miles from where I was encamped. As these mounds are very extraordinary, they deserve a word of description. They are sometimes more than four feet high, and ten yards in diameter, in shape like an ordinary ant-hill, and often extend and dot the prairie very thickly for miles. They are of large assistance to the deer-stalker. Their origin I have never heard satisfactorily accounted for; but my own impression is, that they were originally formed by the large red ant, yet plentiful on the prairies, or by an extinct and larger species. If founded by the former, it must have been ages ago, to give time for the decaying weeds and grasses to decompose, and produce additional soil, thus gradually though surely increasing, until they have attained their present size. They are covered with grass, and often with rank-growing weeds, such as the golden-rod, the wild coffee-bean, and prairie myrtle; the berries of the latter the pinnated grouse, or prairie hens, are very fond of feeding upon.

I had started early on this hunting excursion, for it was in May, and the day promised to be very hot. Having arrived at the mounds, I staked out the mule to graze, as I intended to hunt on foot, and proceeded with my rifle in search of a deer. I had, perhaps, been strolling about half an hour up wind, when I perceived some animals at a distance, which seemed too large for deer; but what they were I could not distinguish, owing to a vapour which was very common on the prairies in the spring of the year: it is a thin blue haze, or "heat," as the hunters call it.

Upon getting nearer to them I discovered that they were horses, and by taking advantage of the mounds I was enabled to approach within fifty yards of the nearest of them. Here, crouched down, I beheld, for the first time the wild horse at home,—

"By spur and bridle undefiled,"

and, as my approach had been made so gently, they were not the least alarmed, but continued quietly feeding. I continued to watch them for a long time. The herd consisted of eleven mares, five foals, and one magnificent iron-grey horse. I was surprised to see that three or four of the mares were piebald, or what the Mexicans call "peinto," though I found afterwards that horses of mixed colours are very common amongst the wild herds. The horse was a beautiful animal, clean-limbed, and thorough-bred looking, with immense power. His mane and tail, although very long, were not thick and heavy. He fed up several times within easy rifle range; but the idea of shooting him never occurred to me, though plenty of Mexicans, had they been in my position, would not have hesitated an instant, but would have shot him for his beautiful hair, to make lassos with. Having watched them as long as I cared to do so, I at last rose up, and it was a grand sight to see the old fellow when he first discovered me. With a tremendous snort he warned the mares to be off, and they lost not an instant in obeying. He did not, as I expected he would, take to his best pace at once, but with head up, and mane and tail floating on the breeze,

with many a loud snort, he covered the rear gallantly, sometimes watching the space his convoy were putting between themselves and danger; and then, again trotting in a half-circle, he would look back at me to see that I was not following; and at last, when he deemed his charge was quite safe, he stretched into a gallop that would soon bring him once more up to his company.

The Arabs say "The nearer the sun, the nobler the steed." Certainly the mustangs—for they are the most enduring horses I have ever ridden—have not deteriorated under the glowing western sun, which shines quite as fiercely on the Texas plains, as it can possibly do on the sands of "Araby the blest."

That the New World is well adapted for the horse, is evident from the immense multitudes now to be met with; and yet it is but little more than three hundred years ago since they were first imported. All the prairie tribes of Indians are in possession of the horse, and they are most accomplished horsemen: from their earliest infancy they are on horseback. Whatever reasons may be advanced to account for the diminution of the buffalo droves, I am quite satisfied that it is owing to the horse alone, from the new power thus given to native hunters. Whenever the buffalo finally disappears, then will the Indian's occupation and subsistence be gone, and I believe he will soon follow. I do not think the Indians will ever become agricultural, much less commercial; I know hundreds hold a different opinion, but time will prove.

There are various ways of catching the wild horse—by penning, by cutting off the foals from their dams, and by the lasso. The latter has been so very often described by travellers who have seen it thrown, that I should be disposed to pass it over by merely naming it as one of the methods in use, if I had not had some practice with it myself.

The proper ropes are of two kinds, and are from forty to fifty feet long. When made of raw-hide thongs plaited, it is called a "lariat," and when of twisted horsehair a "cabros." Each have their advantages; the hair rope being freer of "kinks" than the hide lasso, as well as not being greasy, for the latter has to be kept pliable by an application of salted grease occasionally, though it is undoubtedly by far the strongest. When ready for use the loop is held in the right hand; its proper size varies according to the animal against which it is going to be launched, but it usually reaches from the shoulder of the thrower to the ground, say five feet; this doubled would make it about ten or eleven feet in circumference. The slack is held coiled up in the left hand, ready to be loosed the instant the loop, after two or three whirls round the head, is thrown.

The Mexicans are very expert with the lasso, although the Californian rancheros boast that they can throw a rope with their feet, better than the Mexicans can with their hands. This is mere "chaff," for though the Mexicans may be equalled they cannot be excelled. A long string is to the Mexican child all that marbles, hoops, and peg-tops are to European children. Instead of turning its earliest efforts to make dirt pies, it endeavours to catch with its miniature lasso the fowls, cats, dogs, or small pigs round the rancho. As it grows older it tries larger animals, such as the goats and calves. With such early and constant practice they cannot fail to become most expert, and as the child only leaves its mother's arms to find itself on a horse's back, it follows as a matter of course that they ride well. Thus trained, a Mexican has little trouble in catching a steed when he needs one. He approaches a herd of wild horses as closely as possible, taking the same pains, as to the wind

and inequalities of the ground, as would be necessary in getting near any other game. Having obtained a good position he selects the animal he fancies, and makes a rush at it at the top speed of his horse, and the surprise of the attack generally places him upon good terms with his quarry, which very often feels the noose encircle its neck after a run of a very few hundred yards. The captured horse speedily chokes itself helpless, and in this state is for the first time invested with a bridle, and is also blindfolded; he is then allowed to rise from the ground, and the saddle is taken from the horse employed in the chase, and transferred to the stranger's back, where it is girthed as tightly as possible, so that he is almost half cut in two, not merely to keep it firm in its place, but it helps to compress the lungs, thus taking, as the Mexican very well understands, a great deal of the "jump" out of him.

The horse used to run down and secure the prize is then hobbled, and turned loose to graze, to be recovered later in the day, and the caballero mounts his new acquisition and proceeds to give him his first lesson, which is usually so effectual, that after one hour's instruction he is considered broken for life, as far as a Mexican considers it necessary to have a horse "gentled;" their ideas perhaps slightly differing from other people's, who have less of the centaur in their composition.

Assuredly I would not recommend a "timid, elderly gentleman" to mount one of their quietest and most thoroughly broken horses without seeing somebody else first "up;" not that they wish to state what is false,—they only have curious ideas as to what constitutes quietness.

Cutting off foals from their dams is a method which has much favour amongst the white settlers in some parts of Texas. Colts obtained in this way are brought up by hand, and petted to their heart's content; raised in this manner they make the most tractable and gentle hunting horses in the world, and will follow their master like a dog.

To cut off a foal it is only necessary for the hunter, well mounted, to run between the mare and her young one, and when he has succeeded in doing this, to gently bear away from the mother, who in her fear and confusion sticks to the herd, with which she continues to gallop. As soon as you perceive they have made a good "offing" you may pull up at your leisure; the little animal will not leave your horse, but, on the contrary, will follow it home without the slightest trouble. The same rule applies to young buffalo calves, as well as horses.

Penning is seldom resorted to, except by the Mexicans. When they have been fortunate in securing a quantity in the coral, a few are picked out, which are of a proper age, or fancied for their own use, the rest are lasso'd and cast down, when, after their manes and tails have been shaved off, they are allowed to escape to their old haunts.

The hair thus acquired is worked up into girths, bridle-reins, lassos, head-stalls, etc., the mane hair being always reserved for the girths, as it is considered to be softer and less likely to chafe a horse in hot weather than the tail hair, which is coarse.

The Mustang, or wild horse, is descended from the Arab breed, which was transplanted into Spain from Barbary; thence he was transferred to the New World by Cortez and his companions in arms, who are pretty certain to have carried over their best steeds for so important a conquest. They are hardy, active, beautifully formed, and when caught young are very docile, and easily trained. They stand fire remarkably well, some of them scarcely appearing to notice the report of a gun, even when fired for the first time from their backs;

others are rather more timid, but they soon become accustomed to it. As to their powers of endurance, I can only say that they possess it in the highest degree, as has been repeatedly proved. I do not cite the following as being anything very remarkable, but it will give some idea of their quality.

Upon an urgent occasion I rode a horse (a small grey, about fourteen hands in height), upwards of eighty miles across a prairie, without a leaf for shade, or a drop of water, under a burning July sun, in less than twelve hours. The thermometer, I was told, had stood all day in the shade at 98°, and it could not have been less than from 120° to 130° in the full glare of the sun. My horse showed no signs of distress, nor ever flagged at all; and after I had dismounted and washed his back with salt and water (not that it was galled, but it is a common custom, and I think a beneficial one), he proceeded to eat with a good appetite, and I have no doubt, that had it been required, he could have carried me another fifty with ease.

Sometimes in Western Texas they are found in immense herds, and I think I have seen in sight at one time quite fifteen hundred or two thousand head.

"A thousand horse, and none to ride,  
With flowing tail, and flying mane;  
Wide nostrils—never stretched by pain,  
Mouths bloodless to the bit and rein,  
And feet that iron never shod,  
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod;  
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,  
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,  
Went thickly thundering on."

I will conclude with one word on the rider, which, though not literally true, has yet, I fear, some little truth in it. It is a common saying in Texas, that a white man, at his need, will ride his horse to a standstill, and then fly on foot; that a Mexican can then mount the same horse and make it go two miles further; and that then an Indian can take it and make the wretched animal go over three more miles. The white man has too much humanity to torture a gallant animal which has done its best to save him; but the Mexican, accustomed to blood, the frequenter of bull-baitings and cock-fights, and who is always ready to settle the most trifling dispute with his knife, has less feeling towards a dumb animal, but would urge to exertion his tired steed as long as his immense spurs, or cutting quirt (a plaited raw-hide whip) could make it put one leg before the other; whilst an Indian would have no feeling whatever for his wretched beast, but would goad it on, even with his knife, till it fell lifeless under him.

#### THE METRIC SYSTEM.

THOUGH the majority of us, doubtless, find more difficulty in getting money than in spending it, yet most persons have found, at some time or other, that the pleasure even of spending was somewhat marred by the trouble of keeping accounts. Few people have any taste for figures. And if the keeping of these accounts has involved not only the use of £. s. d., but of the many weights and measures which are to be found in our English system, if system it can be called, we think that many a man, and not a lazy one, has wished that some more simple method might be devised than that which he has been taught in his school-days. Well, here is one, in full operation, only twenty miles or so from the shores of England, and extending over many parts of the world—as complete a system as it is possible for man to devise. And the contrast between our own and it, can hardly be fully estimated without learning all the varieties that exist in



England. We find that there are no less than ten different kinds of weights for different classes of commodities, while the number of varieties of these, from local usage, is enormous, in almost every material; so that in twenty different towns, a bushel of wheat means as many different quantities. But without wearying our readers by a recapitulation of the anomalies of our own usage, we will proceed to describe the perfect system of our Gallic neighbours—the Metric System. The word *metre* is derived from the French word *mètre*, the name of the linear measure which is the basis of the system, including money, weights, and measures, both solid and liquid.

Though, of course, coins and the keeping of accounts in money enter more largely into every-day life than either weights or measures, yet, since these are all dependent upon the *metre*, we will first describe this standard, as being the foundation of the whole system, and then describe the weights, measures, and coins, as they are deduced from it.

Our attention has been drawn to this subject, in consequence of a report presented to the House of Commons, by a committee which has been lately sitting under the presidency of Mr. Ewart, for the purpose of examining witnesses upon this question. This committee has reported unanimously and decidedly in favour of the introduction of the system.

It is true that several of the witnesses, though in favour of a decimal system of coins, weights, and measures, did not approve of the introduction of the French system, principally on account of the inconvenience attending the change; yet, on the other hand, the majority thought that if a change was to be made at all—of which hardly any witness doubted the importance, and almost the necessity—it was far better to make a change which would be not only perfect in itself, but put us in harmony with many of the Continental nations, with whom our trade is evidently very much increasing. It was also elicited, that Russia was on the eve of making a change, but waited to see what steps England would take in the matter.

But before we proceed to describe the Metric System, we will briefly state the advantages of any decimal system, whatever be the standards taken. It would sweep away every form of reduction and compound arithmetic, and the use, in ordinary cases, of any fractions but decimals, which can be worked quite as readily as whole numbers; so that every mercantile transaction, from the simplest to the most important, would be conducted by the use of the common elementary rules, of which a child of ten years of age ought to be master. And if our readers will only think of their own school-days, when they had to learn arithmetic, and imagine what that learning would be, if every table of coins, weights, and measures were done away with, and exchanged for a mere moving of the point to the right or left, they will then begin to realize the advantages of a decimal system. Moreover, the adoption of it would not exclude the use of the ordinary divisions of halves, quarters, eighths, and even sixteenths, which enter so much into every-day use, because all these can be very readily expressed in decimal forms, and more easily treated in that form than as common fractions.

The *metre* is a ten-millionth part of a quadrant, or quarter of a meridian of the earth. The length of this quadrant was estimated from actual measurements taken between Dunkirk and Barcelona. The *metre* is, by a curious coincidence, remarkably near the length of the seconds pendulum, with which our yard is connected, though not originally taken from it, the length of the pendulum being about 39½ English inches, and of

the *metre* about 39½, or more accurately, 39·371 inches, that is, 39  $\frac{371}{1000}$  inches.

From this *metre* all subdivisions are formed, by dividing into 10, 100, and 1000 equal parts; and the names of these are derived from Latin prefixes; so that we have *deci-metre*, *centi-metre*, and *milli-metre*, while the multiples of it, viz., 10, 100, 1,000 fold, derive their names from Greek prefixes, and have the corresponding words, *deca-metre*, *hecto-metre*, *kilo-metre*. Hence all these quantities, when represented in English inches, will be as follows:—

Milli-metre	=	·039371 English inches.
Centi-metre	=	·39371     "
Deca-metre	=	3·9371     "
METRE	=	39·371     "
Deca-metre	=	393·71     "
Hecto-metre	=	3937·1     "
Kilometre	=	39371     "

It will be observed that the most important advantage here obtained is, that all these different lengths (varying from a thousandth of a *metre* to 1000 *metres*, and therefore differing a million-fold,) can be immediately converted from the higher to the lower denominations, or conversely, by moving the point. Thus, if a certain distance expressed in *metres* is represented by 375·862, which in words is 375 *metres*, and 862 thousandths of another *metre*; then, if I wish to reduce it to *deca-metres*, *centi-metres*, or *milli-metres*, I have only to move the point, 1, 2, or 3 places to the right, *i. e.*, multiply by 10, 100, 1000, and obtain the corresponding numbers of these lower denominations, viz., 3758·62, 37586·2, and 375862; similarly, if I wish to express the same quantity in *deca-metres*, *hecto-metres*, and *kilo-metres*, I move the point 1, 2, or 3 places to the left, *i. e.*, divide by 10, 100, 1000, and obtain the corresponding numbers, 37·5862, 3·75862, and ·375862.

The squares of the linear measures are used as measures of surface. The square of the *deca-metre*, or length of ten *metres*, is called the *are*, and is the unit of superficial measure, which derives its greatest importance from the measurement of land. Only one multiple of this *are*, and one sub-multiple, are generally employed, viz., the *hectare*, or 100 *ares*, and the *centiare*, or one-hundredth of an *are*. A *hectare* is equal to about 23 English acres.

We proceed to the measures of capacity. These are the same both for solids, such as grain and fruit of all kinds, and for liquids, such as wine. The unit is the *litre*, which is the cube of a *deci-metre*, or tenth of a *metre*, both commonly reduced, for convenience, to a cylindric form. The decimal multiples and divisions have denominations formed on the plan already explained. The most important of them is the *hecto-litre*, or measure of a hundred *litres*, which is constantly used in the corn-trade. The *litre* is about 1½ English pints, and the *hecto-litre* very nearly 220 gallons.

With these measures of capacity, the weights stand in immediate connection. The unit, or standard from which all the rest are derived, is termed a *gram*,\* and it is founded on the *metre*, as follows:—A small cube is taken, whose edge is a *centi-metre*, or one-hundredth of a *metre*, and this, when filled with pure water at the temperature of its greatest density, is weighed, and that weight is taken as the standard. And just as was shown in the *metre*, all the multiples of the *gram*, viz., 10, 100, and 1000-fold are derived from the Greek prefixes, and all mentioned above the subdivision, from the Latin prefixes. This *gram* is equivalent to nearly 10 grains troy; hence, a *kilogram* weighs nearly 10,000 grains, or

\* The French word is *gramme*; but it is thought advisable to anglicise the word.

nearly 2½ lbs. A kilogram is therefore the unit in which the weight of almost all goods is expressed; but the gram is used in very small matters, as the constituents of a medical dose, or the weight of a letter.

But we have not yet shown the connection between the coinage and the metre. The *centime*, which is the lowest in value, is a copper coin, whose diameter is a centimetre, and weight a gram; so that 100 centimes, touching one another, and arranged in a straight line, would extend one metre; and treated as weights, they would be equal to 100 grams, or one-tenth of a kilogram. Hence, every centime forms, at the same time, a coin, a weight, and a measure.

We have now gone through all the various items of the Metric System; and though, at first sight, it may appear complicated, if it be a novelty to the reader, yet, the more it is looked at, the more it will be seen to be the perfection of simplicity; still, we must not lose sight of the difficulties which beset any change amongst a miscellaneous population. We should mention that in all, or many of our manufactures, in which great accuracy is required, as the making of steam-engines, the construction of artillery, the Metric System is already in use; and those who conduct the establishments where it is used, say that without a decimal subdivision, they could not possibly produce the required accuracy.

The two principal points of difficulty which have suggested themselves upon this question are these: Should the enactment, if decided upon by Parliament, be made compulsory after a certain date? Again, what should be done as to the adoption of the scientific nomenclature which has been described?

Upon the first question, though many witnesses thought that, to render the change likely to take effect, however advantageous, it would be necessary to make it compulsory, on account of the general opposition to all change; yet the committee decided only to recommend its adoption in Government offices, its being recommended to schoolmasters and to employers of labour, and its being required in the civil-service examinations, and made a *sine quâ non* in all schools which received aid from Government. It was proposed also that a department of weights and measures be established in connection with the Board of Trade, one part of the duties of which should be the inspection and verification of weights and measures; that the Government should sanction the use of the Metric System in the levying of customs duties; and that the gram should be used as a weight for foreign letters and books at the post-office.

It is because we believe that it is only by bringing before the mass of intelligent people a subject which is so little known, that its great value can be duly appreciated, that we give it a place in our pages. And we will mention a few of the advantages which have been claimed for it, upon the almost unanimous testimony of persons who have the best opportunities of forming a sound judgment, as given in evidence before the parliamentary committee.

The Council of the International Association for introducing a uniform decimal system into England, made inquiries of very many persons engaged in tuition as to the probable saving of time in school-education by the introduction of the Metric System. Of course replies were various; but it was generally allowed, that of the years partially spent in learning arithmetic, at least from one to two years would be saved, and might, therefore, be devoted to a higher kind of teaching, besides being an immense relief to both pupil and teacher, and making

easy and agreeable a subject which is often very repulsive. From the writer's own long experience in tuition, he can testify that this estimate is not at all exaggerated. It is also said, that in many large commercial houses, not less than £1500 per annum would be saved in labour: the London and North-Western Railway would save £15,000; and in government work, the saving is variously estimated from £250,000 to £500,000. And to show that it cannot be really very difficult when thoroughly taken in hand, we have the evidence of mechanics employed in railway and other work abroad, who gave it as their decided opinion, that it would prove no practical difficulty to average workmen; and that, in their own experience, two, or at most four weeks, had been quite sufficient to familiarize them with it, and to produce in their minds a decided preference for the system.

Upon the question of names, it seemed allowed by most witnesses who had given attention to the subject, that it would be a mistake to attempt to introduce new things under old names. It was tried in Holland with the hope of rendering the transition more easy for the lower classes; but it had been found a fruitful source of confusion; hence it was concluded that every new weight or measure should have its distinct name, whereby its origin, and the place it held in the system, could be at once told. One of the witnesses, who tendered most valuable evidence, Mr. Fellows, of Wolverhampton, drew up and presented to the committee a very complete system of abbreviated names, by which all the distinctive features of the words could be expressed in English monosyllables. Thus, thousandth of a metre would be *t-h-o-m*, or *thom*. Similarly, a hundredth would be *hom*. But one thousand metres should be represented by *them*; one hundred by *hem*; where we observe that the *o* before the last letter indicates a sub-multiple, or part of the unit, and the *e* denotes the multiple. In like manner the hundredth of a gram would be *h-o-g*, or *hog*, and one hundred grams, would be *heg*. The adoption of some system of simple and easily remembered names would certainly disarm the question of one of its most formidable difficulties.

**SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAINS.**—The following is the memorial from the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England, and from other religious bodies, presented to the directors of railways on which excursion trains are run on Sunday:—

"We, the undersigned, archbishops and bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, respectfully entreat you to discontinue the running of excursion trains on the Lord's Day—

"1. Because we are convinced that it is in accordance with the will of God, and essential to the well-being of Man, that the Lord's Day be kept holy for the worship of God and the performance of religious duties.

"2. Because excursion trains become a temptation to many to make Sunday a day of dissipation, and thereby tend to demoralize them and those with whom they come in contact.

"3. Because, while we are anxious to secure the working classes the relaxation which they need, we believe that the object can be obtained without encouraging the practice of travelling on the Lord's Day, as, for example, by affording them an opportunity of travelling at a cheap rate on a week day.

"4. Because excursion trains deprive both the company's servants, and many persons in the places to which they run of the weekly day of rest which they all require, as accountable beings, with a view to preparation for eternity.

"5. Because we are persuaded that the more rest you allow your servants on the Lord's Day, the more efficient they will be, both morally and physically, for your service.

"Believing, therefore, that Sunday excursion trains are wrong in themselves and injurious both to the public and to the railway companies, we earnestly hope you will add the weight of your example to that of several of the other leading railway companies, and refrain from running them."

\* \* A Coloured Illustration is issued with each monthly Part of "The Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home," or with the first weekly Number of each month. Price of each Part, 6d.; price of each Number, 1d., or with Coloured Illustration, 2d.

bul-  
on,  
ed.  
not  
ur:  
ave  
ari-  
now  
hly  
em-  
it  
ical  
own  
nite  
in

by  
ect,  
new  
with  
the  
of  
ght  
its  
at  
most  
rew  
lete  
tive  
lish  
be  
be  
ted  
the  
part  
like  
log,  
tion  
mes  
most

orial  
and,  
s of

ited  
dis-  
with  
the  
per-

any  
de-

king  
the  
e of  
hem

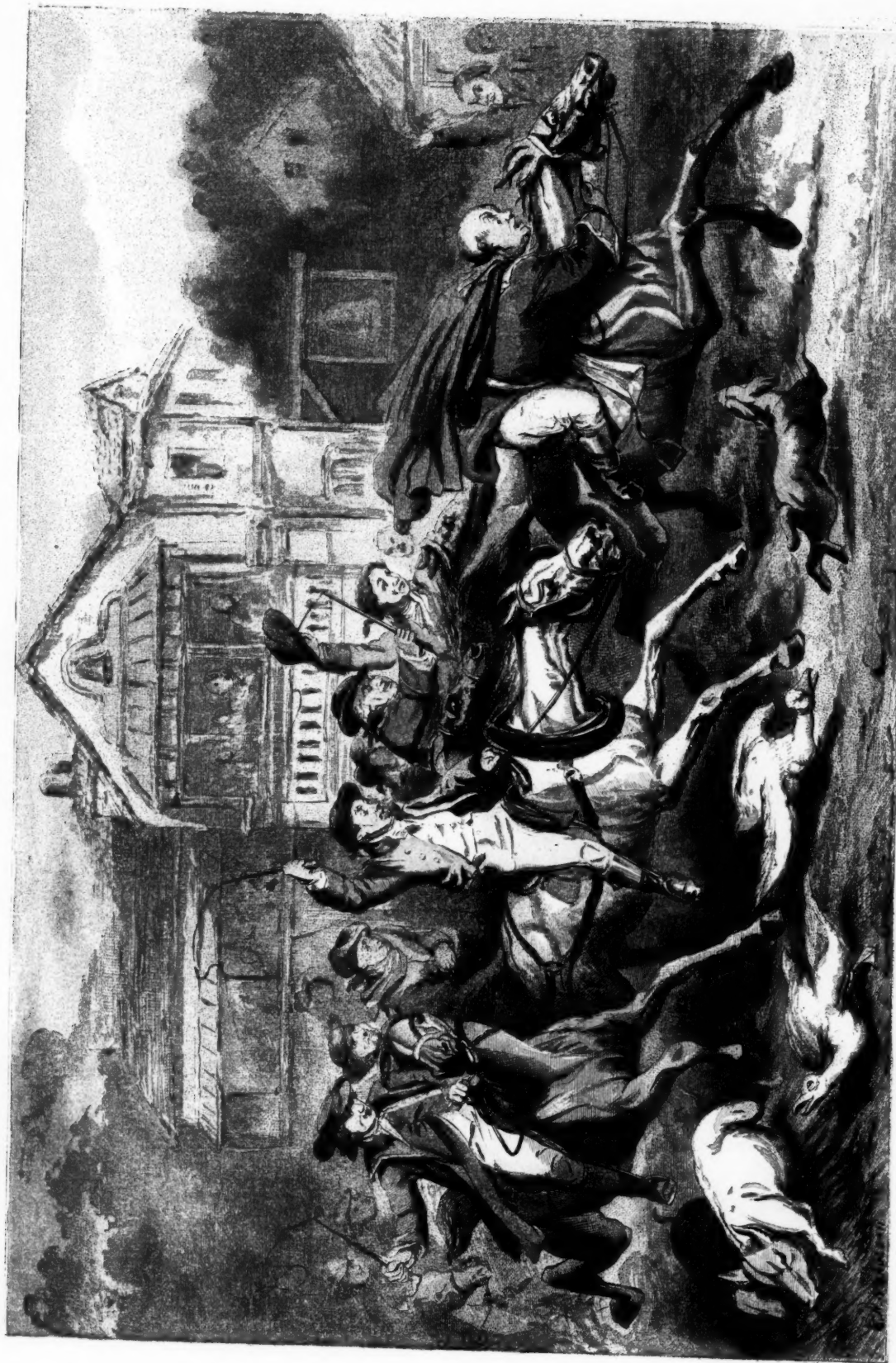
my's  
n of  
able

llow  
will

are  
d to  
the  
ling

ember





JOHN GILPIN'S FAMOUS RIDE.

ED. DODS.

W. L. G. & S. V. & S.